

June 17<sup>th</sup> - 98.

I knew a man by sight,  
A blunderer right,  
Who, for a year or more,  
Had daily panned my door,  
Yet converse none had had with him.

I met him in a lane,  
Nir. and his cane,  
About three miles from home,  
Where I had chanced to roam,  
And volumes stared at him, and he at me.

In a more distant place  
I glimpsed his face,  
And bowed instinctively;  
Starting he bowed to me,  
Bowed simultaneously, and panned along.

Next, in a foreign land  
I grasped his hand,  
And had a social chat,  
About this thing and that,  
As I had known him well a thousand years.

Late in a wilderness  
I shared his men,  
For he had hardships seen,  
And I a wanderer been;  
He was my bosom friend, and I was his.



And as methinks, shall all,  
Both great and small,  
That ever lived on earth,  
Early or late their birth,  
Stranger and foe, one day each other know.